

The history

Pand. If possible: no sooner got but lost, the diuell take
Anthenor, the young Prince will go madde, a plague vpon
Anthenor. I would they had brok's neck,

Enter Cress. How now? what's the matter? who was heere?

Pand. Ah, ah!

Cress. Why sigh you so profoundly, wher's my Lord? gone?
tell me sweet Vncle, whats the matter.

Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am aboue.

Cress. O the Gods, whats the matter?

Pand. Pray thee get thee in: would thou hadst nere been
borne, I knew thou wouldest be his death. O poore Gentle
man, a plague vpon *Anthenor*.

Cress. Good vncle, I beseech you on my knees, whats the
matter?

Pand. Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone: thou
art chang'd for *Anthenor*. Thou must to thy father. and bee
gone from *Troilus*, twill be his death, twill bee his bane, hee
cannot beare it.

Cress. O you immortall Gods, I will not go.

Pand. Thou must.

Cress. I will not Vncle. I haue forgot my father,
I know no touch of consanguinitie,
No kinne, no loue, no blood, no soule so neere me
As the sweete *Troilus*. O you gods diuine,
Make *Cresseids* name the very crowne of falsehood,
If euer she leaue *Troilus*, Time, force and death,
Do to this body what extreames you can:
But the strong base, and building of my loue,
Is as the very center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it, Ile go in and weepe.

Pand. Do, do.

Cress. I care my bright haire, & scratch my praised cheekes,
Crack my cleare voyce with sobs, and breake my heart,
With sounding *Troilus*: I will not go from Troy.

Enter Paris, Troyl., Aeneas, Desphob, Anth. Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre pres'nt,
For her deliuey to this valiant Gecke,
Comes salt vpon: good my brother *Troilus*.

Tell

of Troilus and Cresseida.

Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,
And haue her to the purpose.

Troy. Walke into her house,
Ile bring her to the Grecian presently:
And to his hand when I deliuer her,
Thinke it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A priest there offering to it his owne heart:

Paris. I know what tis to loue,
And would, as I shall pittie I could helpe:
Please you walke in my Lords?

Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Cresseida.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cress. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grieve is fine, full, perfect that I taste,
And violenteth in a sence as strong
As that which causeth it, how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affections,
Or brew it to a weake and coulder pal'lar,
The like alayment could I giue my grieves:
My loue admittes no qualifying drosse,
No more my grieve in such a precious losse.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, a sweete ducks.

Cress. On *Troilus*, *Troilus*.

Pan. What a paire of spectacles is here, let me embrace too,
Oh heart, as the goodly saying is, Oh heart, heauy heart,
why sighst thou without breaking: where hee answers a-
gaine, because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendshippe
nor by speaking: there was neuer a truer time. Let vs call a-
way nothing, for wee may liue to haue need of such a verse,
We see it, we see it, how now lambs?

Troy. *Cressid* I loue thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest Gods as angry with my fancy:
More bright in zeale then the deuotion, which
Cold liues blow to their dieties, take thee from me.

Cress. Haue the Gods enuy?

Pan. I, I, I, is to plaine a case.

Cress. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

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Troy.